

makes a crucial observation which often falls by the wayside in our Memorial Day commemorations. Accordingly I invite my colleagues to consider this powerful message in Memorial Days to come.

PATHETIC PATRIOTISM OR PROPHETIC PATRIOTISM?

(Memorial Day Observance, Goshen, May 28, 2001, Rev. Virginia C. Hoch)

Today, we gather amid the pageantry, parades, and penants of national pride to recognize and remember those persons who have given their measures of devotion to protecting our national interests, the greatest of which is the freedom to be, as a people called American. Yet we do not honor them nor commend ourselves if the sole patriotism we portray is pathetic patriotism. We only bring their and our sacrifices into full bloom when the proper patriotism we put forth is prophetic patriotism.

To be pathetic in our patriotism is to exhibit only the pathos of war: those sentiments which long for the comradeship of wars of yesteryear, and which elevate the gore of the battlefield to a level of misguided idolatry. While it may be understandable that some may seek the regular companionship and commemoration of only those of like mind and experience, the pathos of living only in past glories is to deny the truth of that for which even they once fought: for the people of our country, and indeed for the people of all countries, to live in a just society in the leisure of a lasting peace.

Rather, we are to work, pray, and long for a prophetic patriotism: a vision of our nation which accepts the wonderful achievements, potentials, and diversities of the peoples of America as a foundation for sharing our blessings with those whose lives seem unblest by any Divine Being, and sharing our strengths with those whose weaknesses in governmental structure and in personal living are so evident that they live on the margins of existence. It is this kind of patriotism to which all of our celebrations ought to point.

Two years ago, Mayor Matheus told of her uncle's struggles and triumphs in a war once fought. Today, I'd like to tell you about my first hero—my Dad.

My father was a decorated B-17 pilot in the then US Army Air Corps, receiving the Air Medal, the Theatre Medal, and the Distinguished Flying Cross. He was a lieutenant, stationed with the 306th Bombardier Group of the 8th Air Force in Thurlough, England. He flew 35 missions, returning one time with 69 shrapnel holes in his craft. His flight log is replete with the stuff that makes the hair stand on end: fact and feeling, fear and humor. On one occasion, they dropped unused payloads into the English Channel, straddling the bombay and shoving bombs into the drink with their bare hands. On another, Dad missed a mission due to a bad sinus infection, and that day his crew was shot down, and the person in his seat was killed. But one story stands out in my mind as the man who my father is, and it is a prime example of prophetic patriotism. On one of the missions, which averaged eight hours in length, when his "Flying Fortress" reached altitude, he realized that the oxygen was not working in the belly of the airship, and thus half of his crew would not survive the mission. Dad broke formation, returned to base, and saved the lives of his crew. That disobedience cost him his rank, his timely return to the states, and his career in the Air Corps. But it saved the lives of nine American military men. One of those men, the only one besides my father who still survives, is Father Ken Ross, a former POW, who is now a Catholic priest in East Chester,

NY. My Dad lived and lives to save lives, not to destroy them. That is a brand of prophetic patriotism that I commend, not because he disobeyed an order, but because he used his integrity to weigh the costs, and found that he could only choose life for his crew over his own ease and good fortune.

What you may not know is that I am also a veteran. Prior to entering the ministry, I served as a flight Nurse in the US Air Force during the so-called Vietnam Conflict. And it is from the perspective of the era that I speak. For Memorial Day is about the sacrifices of men and women of all our nation's wars, starting with the Revolution. But often, we remember only those associated with wars that were popular with our country. Despite the fact that it took Congress over fifty years to establish a WW II monument, the two World Wars were quite uncontested in America, as people felt the need to protect our growing democracy. As the better parts of the newly-released film "Pearl Harbor" call to mind, or system of governance was under attack, and there was a sense of urgency among all people in our country to protect and defend our land. But then the picture got fuzzy. With Korea, we were moving to a new concept: the defense of other lands against a growing ideology with which we did not agree—a frightening entity called communism. By the time we entered Viet Nam, our country was divided in its self-image and its ideology. The pathos of patriotism had faded, and the prophetic nature of our national pride was still embryonic. Our women and men went to fight an undeclared war for an undefined purpose. And they returned, not to the hero's welcome which could have helped to put their gory memories into some sort of higher perspective, but to shame and hiding more met as renegade felons than as revered fellows. And thousands of our brothers, sisters, fathers, mothers, sons, daughters, and friends remained as dead fodder for distant turf—so many undisclosed that MIA became a cause and a banner for decades to come. For countless thousands of our Vietnam vets, death upon a foreign shore would have been preferable to the reality of life in a hovel of memory and torment. The pathos of patriotism had shown us its worst side, and we were not enthused.

Since Nam we have seen the "sterile" wars in Granada, the Persian Gulf, and Bosnia. We have watched on TV as missiles travelled as if they were blips on a video-game screen, and we have not understood in our souls that the "hits" were counted in human lives. We still harbor a patriotism of pathos—that pathetic allegiance which believes that if we are there, then we belong, and all losses are okay. "War is hell" declared Churchill, but to many, war still has all the allure of a video arcade to young boys on holiday.

I would challenge us on this day of memorializing our war dead, to turn instead to patriotism of prophetic witness. That patriotism says not, "My country right or wrong," but "my country—what can I do to make it right?" It says not, "America's values above all else," but "America's values balanced by the needs of the peoples of the whole world." It says not, "Might makes right," but "Might makes mercy a mandate." To be prophetically patriotic means to cherish the values of our country, while at the same time seeking to learn from others how their values inform a free and life-giving society. It means substituting wisdom for weapons, choosing diplomacy over deployment, preferring peace over power.

Today we can choose either pathetic patriotism or prophetic patriotism. As for me and my house, we choose to honor our heroes by living prophetically patriotic lives, loving America and listening to her voice as one

among many in the harmonic choir of a world community. Do we therefore still strive to learn about Bunker Hill, Gettysburg, Pearl Harbor, Nagasaki & Hiroshima, Normandy, the 38th parallel, the Ho-Chi-Min Trail, Baghdad, Chechnia, and other names that live in infamy? Of course we do, for to forget our history is to render ourselves vulnerable to a repetition of errors in judgment that is very costly to our democracy. To forget our history is to relinquish our identity as a people who are willing to sacrifice far more than the high price of a gallon of gas to serve our nation. But do we learn these names to revel in our self-perceived supremacy over other countries? I think not. We learn, that we might be prophetic in our patriotism, working through the obstacles which confront us, while embracing the opportunities to be a people of vision who see through eyes of red, white, and blue, a world fulfilled in the memory of eternal peace.

BILL TAYLOR IS "POSITIVELY MILWAUKEE"

HON. THOMAS M. BARRETT

OF WISCONSIN

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, June 28, 2001

Mr. BARRETT of Wisconsin. Mr. Speaker, I appreciate the opportunity to share with my colleagues the admiration and respect that I have for my constituent and friend Bill Taylor.

On Friday, June 29, 2001, Bill Taylor is retiring from his position as a news anchorman with WTMJ-TV. He will be missed. He has been a genuine leader in our community, and I'm honored to know him.

Bill's broadcast career began when he served in the U.S. Army in Saigon, Vietnam, working for the Armed Forces Radio and Television Network. He joined the WTMJ news team in 1972 and is widely respected in his field. He is the personification of dedication and loyalty. In addition, his knowledge of Milwaukee and genuine love and concern for his viewers is remarkable.

When providing expansive coverage of breaking news, Bill always has closed his broadcasts by asking his viewers to "Do Something Positive Today." His bright outlook on life and contagious optimism inspired TMJ4 to feature him in a segment called "Positively Milwaukee", where he focuses on people in the Milwaukee area whose actions positively impact the community. Bill has not only inspired others to follow his advice, but he has also practiced what he preaches. He has been a part of the TMJ4 newsroom for nearly 29 years and has had a profound impact on the lives of the people of Milwaukee. Bill Taylor is "Positively Milwaukee."

Bill has won numerous Milwaukee Press Club awards and American Bar Association certificates. In addition, he received a regional Emmy nomination for his work on WTMJ-TV. He has set an extremely high standard for those who will follow him in the years to come, and he will be deeply missed both by his peers and his viewers. Please join me in honoring Bill Taylor for his enormous contributions to Milwaukee and wishing him well in the future.